

Dr. Mell.

# THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

VOL. V.

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NO. 4.

## A LOVER'S PUZZLE.

Which of the two, Oh, heart of mine?  
Which shall I win for my very own?  
Both are so winsome and daintily fine—  
Lovelier maidens were never known!

It troubles me sorely, night and day—  
Troubles my dreams and waking hours;  
Which of these lissom maids, I pray?  
Graceful, beautiful, human flowers!

Effie, is sweet as a rose, and as fair—  
That's her picture against the wall;  
Clarice is stately and debonaire,  
With cheeks like a peach in the purple fall.

Effie has eyes like the skies of June,  
Dreamy and tender, and dewy and sweet;  
Her voice is as low as a fairy tune—  
Shall I pour out my heart at her feet?

But just as bewitching is dark-eyed  
Clarice.

With her arch little ways and wondrous  
smile:

With her rich, ripe lips and her dark  
brown hair.

She soothes, yet tortures you all the while.

And this is the puzzle I can't make out:  
But stay—what a donkey I have been!

No longer I'll wonder the paths of doubt:  
For I'll take the girl that has got "the  
tin!"

## "Into the Jaws of Hell" Wonders the Author.

One day I died. Do not start away so fearfully, "gentle reader," for I have none of the mould of the long-buried coffin about my style. I was going to say that I was "gathered unto my father's," but sober second thought has convinced me that this wouldn't be exactly true, for I couldn't find any of them in the place where I went. I might have made the story of my demise still more poetic by saying "may my ashes rest in peace," if it were not for the fact that my tormentor-in-chief has not yet completed his contract of reducing me to ashes. And then he says that when he gets through with me there won't be a piece left of me big enough to remind anybody of the rest. Well, as I started to say, I was gathered in a different direction from my fathers. Instead of mounting upward on the airy wings of light, I found that I had tumbled downward with the leaden weight of darkness encircling my graceful neck like the millstone in the fable. When I awoke, I found myself before the open gates of Tartarus, with a friend of mine (he is generally represented as having cloven hoofs and a monkey-like appendage, tipped with a spear point) inviting me to enter, and pay him that visit which my conduct on earth had been promising him for so long a time. Seeing nothing for it but to comply, I went in with him. I remember thinking that the irony of human fate was as nothing to that expressed in the one word, "welcome," written in staring letters over the door.

If I had had any fears of being lonesome down there, they were immediately dissipated by the sight of a great many of my old terrestrial friends. It would not be out of place to remark upon their noble unselfishness on this occasion; for though they were all suffering the untold agonies of long deferred but richly merited punishment, not one

of them failed to contribute his share toward the warm reception which I received. In fact, the temperature of the place was so great that I much doubt whether I would have been able to stand it, had it not been for the fact that the warmth of my old self-love had gradually accustomed me to the endurance of such high degrees of temperature.

The first one of my friends to attract my attention was one who has long been known to you all by the name of Harry H. Smith. And Harry was in a most miserable plight. The expression on his face was the very same one that used to rest upon it just after I had told him a "good un." I never knew what it meant until that instant. Poor fellow! He was seated in an iron chair, while arranged around him in a circle were the astral bodies of the souls of those poor, innocent little girls, upon whose tender, young affections, he had caused a killing frost to descend during his mortal career. (Note—I can't say whether it is strictly correct to speak of a soul's astral body, but the spirits of these unfortunate damsels had long ago wrapped their poor broken and bleeding hearts in lace handkerchiefs, and had been escorted by the music-making hosts of immortals, upwards to the regions of celestial light.) These young ladies were busily engaged in casting sheep's eyes at the shade of my poor friend. I noticed that as fast as Harry would dodge one sheep's eye, another would take him in a vulnerable spot, and the supply seemed unlimited. "Figuratively speaking," said Harry, "they used to be pretty good, but when you descend to the unvarnished, literal truth of the thing, 'tis not so pleasant as you may have heard." Shuddering at the frightful fate that had overtaken my unhappy friend, I obeyed the signal of my guide, as he led me on toward another part of the unexplored regions. Presently, he touched my arm and said: "Here's something that might interest you." I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a most curious sight. There was my friend Warwick, not only seated in an iron chair, but firmly bound in it by bands of steel. Around his forehead was a similar band, so arranged as to compel him to gaze continuously into a tube which I might have taken for a telescope, had it not been so long that I could not see as far as the other end. Up over poor "Bish's" head was placarded this alarming sign—"See yourselves as others see you." I asked him how he had been passing his time since I saw him last, and he said, oh! he had passed miserable nights and still more miserable days. He said in his case the tormentor had reached the very acme of ingenuity by causing him to see each day a fresh phase of his character as viewed by others. Mr. Beelzebub asked me if I would like to take a peep and I told him that

I didn't care if I did. So he released "Bish's" head and I put my eye to the tube. I don't remember exactly how the scenery impressed me, but I remember that I said "You are right Bish, it is a horrible sight," and turned sadly away.

No sooner had I turned my head than I beheld Jim Dobbins standing before a table covered with every imaginable species of fungus growth. He was busily engaged in tasting them, and I asked him what he was doing. He said that having made great progress in fungilological researches while he was a student in the A. P. I., he had been constituted chief fungus tester to his majesty of Hades. I asked him how the test worked. "'Tis very simple," said he, "I taste all the fungi that are brought me. If one makes me sick, it is a bad one; and if it makes me handsome it is a good one." Jim must not have found any goods ones, for he was still looking sick when I left him. I agree with him, though, that a fungus that would make him handsome would have to be a good one.

The next friend whom I saw was "Jake" Fleming. He was seated in a chair, seemingly all alone in his glory. As I drew nearer, though, I heard him carrying on a conversation with what must have been his own particular spirits, for he could see them and I couldn't. He had a most woe-begone expression upon his erstwhile genial features, and as I approached he gave me a feeble "good morning." "Why, Jake," I said, "What are you doing, old boy?" He told me that he was engaged in a new game, which had been invented especially to keep him busy during his stay in the regions of darkness. I asked him if he didn't appreciate the honor, and he answered my question by inquiring savagely if he looked like it. I asked him the name of this queer game, and he told me that it was called "being bayed." Of all the strange names I had ever heard, this struck me as being the strangest, so I asked him to explain the game to me. He said he would try, but he didn't think any one could understand it until he had played the game himself. He began his explanations, but interrupted himself ever and anon to answer the (to me) inaudible voices of invisible speakers by assuring them that he had never been anybody's little lamb and never intended to be; that he didn't follow anybody to school one day; that he wasn't quite contrary; and that he he had never heard of such a thing as cockle shells growing in a garden. I couldn't come anywhere near understanding his explanations, but thinking that my show of interest in him called for at least one more inquiry, I asked him if he was a skillful player. "No," he said, "I lose every game, and the worst part of it is that every time I lose a game, I am forbidden to play any more for half

an hour. He explained this seeming contradiction by saying that the more one played this game, the more fascinated he became with it, and that the more one lost at it the more he wanted to return to it. And yet it seems that he didn't enjoy it either. I have never seen a man in a more pitiable plight, and I hope that no one will ever induct me into the mysteries of that game.

Very much saddened by the spectacle I had just witnessed, I was startled at Satan's steering me right into the arms of my old friend, Kirk Armstrong. There was Kirk, as natural as he had looked in life, except for the abrasions that the caresses of old Father Time's horny hand had left upon his beaming countenance. He was chained to a post, and wore the robe of Motley and cap and bells which all readers of Shakspeare will recognize at once. I asked him how he fared, and he told me that the fare down there was something warm. I was still engaged in forcing my appreciative smile, when his face assumed the most agonized expression that I have ever seen. His several features seemed to be fairly writhing in pain, and I asked him what was the matter. "'Tis the divinity," he says, "which stirs within me," and looking down upon his fairy feet, he told me with a superior kind of a smile, that it was the same divinity that had shaped his ends without giving him any chance at rough-hewing them as he would. I asked him what he said that for, and he informed me that that was a little joke of his. As I couldn't get anything out of him, except these and a few more excellent

puns just like them, I passed on and asked the boss of all these manes to tell me about my friend. This is what he replied: "Armstrong had punned on earth so long and so badly, that at the request of Dante himself, I have made him my royal jester, and he stands there eternally, condemned to speak nothing but puns. I have the advantage over you mortals, for I have him chained and can leave him when I wish." Then the king of the shades informed me that he had yet to show me the most interesting thing in all his wide kingdom. My curiosity being aroused, I followed his lead willingly enough for the space of about five minutes. At the end of that time I saw, seated before a desk, in a secluded part of the infernal regions, where there was nothing to interrupt him, the professor who didn't grade his papers. Ranged around him in interminable piles were the shades of those papers, and he was busily engaged in grading them. He seemed glad to see me and greeted me (or it may have been the interruption) with a glad smile. He asked me to sit down and help him calculate something. I did so. He said that he had averaged about 250 men in his subject for a time of forty years; that each one of them had handed in nine

monthly and three term examination papers every year. Then he asked me how long did I think it would take him to grade them. When I told him that I had never made a study of mathematical infinities, he smiled a kind of a small, diseased looking grin and told me that he was sorry that I agreed with all his other visitors, in thinking he had an eternal job in that infernal business. Feeling very sorry for him) for I liked him very much while I was in college, and after all we all have our failings) I turned away to hide the unmanly drops in my eyes. Seeing me about to leave, the poor professor sighed and said, "Ah me! Just think! If I had graded only one while I was on earth, my job would be that much shorter."

Here my guide informed me that it was time for me to go and test that which fate had in store for me. With a great deal of trepidation, I followed him. Now, I am myself bound by steel bands to an iron chair. Before me is an immense sign—"The Orange and Blue must come out Wednesday." On my right is a crowd of cadets (whose subscriptions are unpaid) asking me in threatening tones, when the next Orange and Blue is coming out. On my left is a number of infuriated subscribers, whom I am trying to persuade that the business manager is the man they want to see. Kind friends I ask you for your sympathy and my feelings will not allow me to say any more.

A thorn in the side of amateur athletic sport for several years past has been the existence of athletic club teams in the various cities. These clubs from time to time have asserted that they paid their players nothing, but as often it has been proven that they gave inducements of some kind or another to athletes to play on their teams. This practice has had a bad effect on amateur sport in many parts of the country. Athletes have not only been induced to play on these teams after they have left college but many, even while attending college, have played with these organizations. Lately the colleges of the West have taken steps to prevent their athletes from participating in these club games. Chicago University has forbidden her athletes from taking part in club competition under the colors of any organization save those of their own university association, and the University of Michigan will shortly do likewise. Fortunately for Southern colleges, athletic club football teams are things of the past, and they have not that evil to contend with.

This action is but an indication of the general tendency all over the country towards purity in amateur sport.—Vanderbilt Hustler.

## AN ASPIRATION.

Won't some inventor, sage, or mentor,  
Find that chief of boons,  
The wear-resisting, long persisting,  
Non-bagging pantaloons?



## THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

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Presbyterian Church—Rev. Mr. Woll, Pastor. Services the second Sunday of each month, 11 a. m. and 3 p. m. Sunday-school 9 a. m., Dr. Cary Superintendent.  
College Y. M. C. A.—Sunday, 3 p. m.  
Presbyterian Church, J. M. Atkinson, President.

### Cheating.

Though the condition of affairs now, as regards this matter, is bad enough, still the following article, taken from our College Index for March, 1891, will serve to show that we are in no worse fix now than they were then.

'Tis passing strange how few boys there are in college that consider cheating as dishonest, and still more strange how many there are that attempt to justify it. Some of them say they do not think it wrong to cheat for a "pass," and some say they do not consider it wrong to assist another in his examination; while others hold that it is all right, provided you do not sign your name to the pledge.

Let us notice briefly these three classes:

First—Pass-cheaters. I have heard these remarks: "No harm to cheat for a pass," and I found that this class always were fearful of not passing. You had better contend that it is no harm for a

person to steal when he is in need; for in this case the man is certainly in need of what he steals and when the boy cheats or steals—for it is the same—he needs anything else than what he steals. He does not need a pass. Who would pretend to say that he does? Why, a boy who cheats and steals, needs to pass an examination in this college! No; he needs what every other boy needs—an education—and what nobody ever obtained by cheating, but what every boy, sooner or later, will observe that he needs. Suppose a man were to idle away the better part of his life in idleness and in his latter days be compelled to steal for a living, would anyone dare say that the man was justifiable? Would the law justify him? No rational boy would dare answer in the affirmative, but all would say the man had done a double sin, one of idleness, the other stealing, as a result of idleness.

Second—Assisant-cheaters. This class generally try to appease their conscience by leaving out a part of the pledge—"nor given any information." They seem to forget that they are assisting another to tell a lie—that they are accomplices. They let down the fence for the man with his stolen hog to cross over: and more than this, they haul the hog to the man's house and frequently get two or three dollars for it. Still, you contend it is no harm, because you did not advertise in the papers and say, "I have not assisted in stealing a hog."

Third—Anonymous-cheaters. This class are at liberty to cheat, steal and lie, and do all the measures they choose, just so they keep it to themselves, and do not sign any papers. You differ from the second class, inasmuch as he only cheated, whereas, you cheat and lie. This class generally "forget" to sign their name, and when a professor inquires into the matter, the boy is compelled to tell two or three falsehoods, or be caught—and this kind seldom confess. Now, we all know that a boy who belongs to any one, or all three classes, does not deserve to go through our college for several reasons, two of which I will give: First, his diploma indicates that he has finished the course, prescribed for the degree, this is false. Second, the diploma, in consequence of his having finished these courses, grants him all the "honors and privileges and dignities" emanating from such completion, when it does not exist. He goes out into the world with stolen honors, privileges and dignities, and is subject at any time to reflect dishonor on his alma mater. He is a pretender. He is a hypocrite. He is a wolf in sheep's clothing. He is utterly incapable of filling any honorable position. The College is liable to be injured on account of his incapability. He has done the very worst thing for himself and friends he possibly could have done.

Remember boys, that this is the affirmative period of life, and principles inculcated now, will have a tendency to grow deeper and broader. So let those principles be good. Be dignified, be honest, be true.

Every boy who goes out of this College into the battle of life, and battles successfully, adds another jewel to the crown of the Institution. At some time in life you may need the faculty to assist you

in obtaining a position, and rest assured that they will always give preference to the honest hard-working boy.

### Y. M. C. A.

We regret very much to state that our beloved friend and co-worker, Chas. White was forced to resign college on account of his health failing him.

Mr. White was vice-president of the Association, and had proven himself to be an honest, upright, christian gentleman. He not only discharged his duties faithfully as vice-president, but all his Professors found in him a hard student, and a trustworthy character. The Association and student body experience a great loss.

It gives us great pleasure in speaking of this department of our college, to state that there seems to be unusual interest manifested on the part of the students at large in Association work over previous years. The new men this year have taken pride in attending the meetings, and endeavored to promote its good and benefit their lives. During the severe cold Sundays that have been so prevalent this winter, the attendance has been good, and at times there have been many to come when the president scarcely expected them, and hardly dared venture forth himself. This is indeed encouraging to the president and officers, and we trust you will continue to come and take part in our services.

We have services varied, and in such a way you can take an active part. As you know we have a nice organ, and a good organist which with the help of the best singers in college make our music very interesting.

We would not forget to announce that the Association is greatly indebted to Mr. H. B. Parker for the nice song books presented us by him. May God bless him for his act of kindness and his name ever be remembered by all.

In view of the fact that the vice-president, Chas. White, will not be with us longer, we wish to make the following changes in the cabinet officers. M. H. Beason, vice-president; W. S. Rutledge, Librarian.

Fellow students don't forget that our pastor, brother Spain, remembers you all, and wishes to be of service to you. He is one who knows something of this great work in college, and will from time to time visit our meetings, aiding us in any way possible.

### Aggravating.

The following dialogue is said to have occurred between Prof. W., who teaches the fifth class, and one of his most distinguished students:

"What does C-A-T spell?"  
"I don't know sir."  
"What does your ma keep to catch mice?"  
"Trap, sir."  
"No, no, what animal is fond of milk?"  
"A baby, sir."  
"You dunce! Do you see that animal out there by the well?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Do you know its name?"  
"Yes sir,"  
"Well, then, block-head, tell me what C-A-T spells."  
"Kitten, sir."

### Freshman-Sophomore Class Game.

On Saturday afternoon the 28th, the first of the class games for the football championship take place. The Sophomore's line up against the Freshmen. Each of these teams has on it some of the best material in college, and the game will be a battle royal. The Sophomores are confident of winning handily and the Freshmen are noising about that they want all their friends to be present at the burial of the team of "01." A large crowd of the students will be out to back their favorites. The lung brigade of the "Freshies" will occupy the side lines on the north side of the field, while the "Sophs" will make themselves heard along the south side. The colors of the two teams are orange and white for the Sophomores and purple and pink for the Freshman. The line-up will be:

Freshman.	Position.	Sophomores.
Mitchell	c	Martin
Gwin	r. g.	Skeggs
Gwin	l. g.	Welden
Pelham	r. t.	Harvey
Smith, P. W.	l. t.	Bivings
Peters	r. e.	Lancaster
Johnson	l. e.	McCannan
Bullard	q.	Huguley
Yarborough	r. h.	Noel
Park	l. h.	Sloane
Eichelberger	f. b.	Skeggs

"Buck and Ball," the big guards of the Freshmen, are eating five pounds of raw beef daily. Nall is reputed the fastest runner in college. It will be worth the price of admission to see him make a few 75 yard runs.

The back fields of both teams are fast men, and no doubt some pretty end running will be done.

Pelham says h-e-e-e-e will be dogged if they can run over him.

The Freshmen will resort to kicking. Yarborough punts well and both Park and Eichelberger are down the field like a flash.

The Sophs. are confident that Huguley will prove an insurmountable barrier to the line buckers of "02."

The captains of both teams have a number of tricks up their sleeves, and they will keep each other guessing the whole game through.

Harvey and Bivings are a pair of strong tacklers and Pelham and Smith will have their hands full managing them.

All the town people are invited to come to the game. Every student is expected to be out without fail. Game called promptly at 3 p. m.

### Wirt Society.

The Wirt's held a meeting of unusual interest on the night of Jan. 14. The object of the meeting was the election of officers and of speakers for the oratorical contest to be held with the Websterian society in Langdon Hall, on the evening of February 22nd. Messrs. Fuller and Hines were the men elected as orators. The officers are C. E. Fuller, president; J. R. Rutland, vice-president, and E. A. Miller, secretary.

### Cadet Ball.

On the night of Friday, Jan. 13, a very enjoyable dance was given by the cadets in the gymnasium. The music was furnished by our cadet band, which acquitted itself bravely in this, its maiden attempt at dance music. We congratulate Mr. Fullan on the progress it has made.

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## BRIEF LOCALS.

Miss Kate Duncan is on a visit to her brother, Mr. G. W. Duncan, of this city.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs. C. A. Ross, and hope that she will soon be able to see her friends again.

Miss Bessie Broun is visiting friends in Pensacola, Fla.

J. P. Moore, of Columbus, Ga., who took a special course in electricity here last session, has secured a position with the General Electric Co., of Schenectady, New York.

Mr. Speigner Anderson, class of '95, is critically sick at the home of his father, Dr. G. S. Anderson. Speigner's many friends are hoping for his speedy recovery.

Lieut. and Mrs. Crossland Hair, were in the city last week, their visit being occasioned by the death of Lieut. Hair's father.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Alice Daley has returned to her home in East Lake, Ala. Miss Daley has spent some time in our town visiting Mrs. Chas. Gachet, and has made a host of friends here.

The concert which was to have been given in Thomas Hall last Friday evening, under the auspices of Mrs. W. B. Frazer, has been postponed indefinitely.

Dr. Mell will deliver a lecture to the Thursday Club in chapel on the evening of Feb. 5. The subject will be Italian Artists. Everybody is invited and nobody can afford to miss it. One feature of the lecture will be stereopticon representations of the great artists' masterpieces.

Corporal stripes now grace the manly arms of Mr. B. S. Haley.

J. O. Rush has returned to his long vacant position of drum major.

The softest snap that the Orange and Blue has yet had to fall in its way is the return of Non Dura Ward to college.

We are glad to welcome once more the familiar face of Prof. B. B. Warwick, who has recovered from an adult case of an infantile disease known as mumps.

The State Swine Breeders' Association of which Dr. C. A. Cary is president, will meet here on the 14th and 15th of February. Some of the finest hogs in the state will be there. The chemical courses of the Junior and Senior classes will be in attendance. Do not miss the live stock exhibit.

Prof. R. J. Trammell, Jr., spent Saturday and Sunday with his family in West Point, Ga.

Miss Mary Casey absented herself from her many Auburn friends for several days last week on a visit to Miss Florence Johnson of Opelika.

Dr. C. A. Cary spent Saturday and Sunday in Montgomery.

Capt. M. O. Hollis, of the 4th U. S. Infantry and commandant here for the past three years, left New York Tuesday on the United States transport ship, Grant, for Manila.

Cadets Bandy and Gill have resigned college on account of bad health.

Mr. E. A. Turner has moved his family to Auburn from Chawla.

"A few days ago two or three of our teachers, returning to school after the holidays, came as far as Auburn, Ala., with a coach load of Auburn Cadets. Several times since, these teachers have spoken of the exceptionally good and gentlemanly behavior of these young gentlemen, on the train. Perhaps they did not think that their conduct was observed, but it has been the source of a great deal of comment. We know how hard it is for a coach full of cadets returning to school to behave, and therefore thought that their good behavior deserved special commendation."

The Auburn cadets wish to make their best bow to the Mnemasynean the college paper of the Agnes Scott Institute, for the above pleasant notice. Auburn men have always had a tender spot in their hearts for the Agnes Scott, and this pretty bouquet has but intensified it.

The music lovers of Auburn have a treat in store for them Saturday night the 28th. On that date the "Louise Brehaney Opera Company" will give a concert in Langdon Hall. Miss Brehaney, the star of the company has been connected with a number of well known musical organizations notable among which are Sousa's Band and the Eduard Remenyi Grand Concert Co. She will be assisted by a company of fine musical talent. While we do not think it at all necessary, still it might not be amiss to caution the students and the "small boys of the town" about keeping quiet while the singing or playing is going on. You can talk to your friend all the next day if you wish; or if it happens to be your best girl that you are with, please remember that you have four long months in which to tell "all about it." For the sake of those who wish to listen keep quiet. Also remember that it is very bad form to stamp with your feet when applauding. Even in the cleanest hall there is some dust on the floor, and when it is stirred up it settles on the ladies dresses, gets in peoples' eyes and noses and is altogether unpleasant. There are no "hoodlums" in college and no one in the audience, we are sure, will be annoyed by the senseless practice of showing impatience by "patting" or approval by ear piercing whistling and "cat calls." We students are gentlemen, but unless we conduct ourselves as such, outsiders might forget it. Don't mar the pleasure of the evening by any act of roudyism.

The 22nd of February, from time immemorial, has been a "red letter" day in the college calendar. On that day the Senior class has its exercises; the victors of the Senior-Junior and Sophomore-Freshman class games play for the championship of the college; and the Senior German Club gives a dance to visiting friends. The dance this year promises to be very enjoyable. A large number of young ladies from Montgomery, West Point, and other neighboring towns will be present; an orchestra from Montgomery or Atlanta will furnish the music; and the cellent floor of the gymnasium will be used for the dancing. Mesdames Burke, Fullan, Petrie and McKissick have kindly consented to act as chaperones. The officers

of the club are Capt. G. M. Wheeler, president; Lieut. Ray Peabody, vice-president; Capt. J. F. Dobbin, secretary and treasurer; Mr. Joseph Sutcliffe, leader.

Last week Miss Mary Drake entertained a few of her young lady friends at a Carrom Party. Miss Drake is a charming hostess and her guests spent a most delightful evening. Delicious refreshments were served. Those present were Misses Bondurant, Dawson, Lane Heard, Boyd, Mitchell and Whitaker.

### The Class of '96.

C. N. Alford is civil engineer for Dwight Mfg. Co., Alabama City, Ala.

A. L. Alexander is meat inspector at Montgomery, Ala.

A. B. Andrews is a civil engineer at St. Augustine, Fla.

J. Q. Burton is third assistant state chemist at Auburn, Ala.

W. J. Beeson is Pres. of the 9th District Agricultural School at Blountsville, Ala.

S. J. Bross is taking a post graduate course in Purdue University.

J. S. Bennett is engaged in the insurance business in Opelika, Ala.

J. W. Culver is now Prof. of Agriculture and Mathematics in the District Agricultural School at Jackson, Ala.

L. A. Christian has married and is now engaged in the electrical business at Birmingham, Ala.

H. R. Casey is 2nd. Lt. in Co. I 3rd, Ala., Regiment, U. S. V.

H. A. Drennen is in the hardware business at Birmingham.

O. D. Dumas is engaged in business with his father at Arlington, Ala.

J. R. Edwards holds the position of Asst. Prof. of Electricity at the Technological school in Atlanta, Georgia.

J. C. Farley is in the general merchandise business with his brother, Frank, at Opelika, Ala.

W. L. Fleming is 2nd. Lt. 3rd, Ala. Regiment U. S. V.

J. L. Glenn is farming at Forest Home, Ala.

H. S. Henderson is a medical student in Atlanta, Ga.

R. S. Jackson holds a position as clerk in Probate Judge's office at Birmingham, Ala.

G. B. Kelley is a civil engineer at Winfield, Ala.

G. D. King is a teacher at Union Springs, Ala.

W. B. Kelley is in the drug business at Montgomery, Ala.

J. M. Moulder is teaching at Jackson's Gap, Ala.

J. B. Oglesby is in business with his father at Dalton, Ga.

J. A. Reeves is in the cotton business at Rome, Ga.

W. A. Tippen is in business at Lakeland, Fla.

H. Trammell is in the electrical business at Pelzer, S. C.

W. R. Technor is practicing law in Atlanta, Ga.

B. A. Taylor is professor in District Agricultural School at Wetumpka, Ala.

W. M. Williams is Instructor of Sub-Freshman class at the A. P. I. Auburn, Ala.

D. S. Wright is an electrician at Macon, Ga.

B. H. Wilson is studying medi-

# Alabama Polytechnic Institute

(A. & M. COLLEGE.)

AUBURN, ALABAMA.

Courses of Instruction.—The courses of instruction include the Physical, Chemical and Natural Sciences, with their applications: Agriculture, Mechanics, Astronomy, Mathematics, Civil and Electrical Engineering, Drawing, English, French, German and Latin Language, History, Political Economy, Mental Science, Physiology, Veterinary Science and Pharmacy.

Laboratory Instruction.—Laboratory instruction and practical work are given in the following departments: I. Chemistry. II. Engineering, Field Work, Surveying, Etc. III. Agriculture. IV. Botany. V. Mineralogy. VI. Biology. VII. Technical Drawing. VIII. Mechanical Arts. IX. Physics. X. Electrical Engineering. XI. Veterinary Science. XII. Mechanical Engineering. XIII. Pharmacy.

Location.—The College is located in the town of Auburn, sixty miles east of Montgomery, on the Western railroad.

Boarding.—The College has no barracks or dormitories, and the students board with the families of the town of Auburn, and thus enjoy all the protecting and beneficial influences of the family circle.

Expenses. There is no charge for tuition. Incidental fee per half session, \$2 50; Library fee per half session, \$1.00; Surgeon's fee per half session, \$2 50; Board, per month, \$9.50 to \$15 00.

These fees are payable \$6.00 on matriculation and \$6.00 on February 1st.

Session opens Wednesday, September 16th.

W. L. BROUN, L.L. D., President.

cine at Russellville, Ala.

F. L. Whitman is a dental student at Nashville, Tenn.

Miss L. Whitaker is now at home in Auburn, Ala.

Miss A. F. Heard is a teacher at Auburn, Ala.

### An Old Time Love Letter.

In an old book dated 1820 there is the following very curious love epistle. It affords an admirable play upon words.

Madame!—Most worthy of admiration! After long consideration and much meditation on the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of the declaration, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration and if such oblation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation to the joy and exultation of yours, Sans Dissimulation.

The following is the still more curious answer.

Sir:—I perused your oration with much deliberation at the great infatuation of your imagination to show your veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and much serious contemplation I supposed your animation was the fruit of recreation or had sprung from ostentation to display your education by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination though of great variation in each respective signification. Now with out disputation your laborious application in so tedious an occupation deserves commendation, and thinking of imitation a sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation, Yours,

Mary Moderation.

### Senior Class Elections.

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T. W. Wert, president; J. C. Minge, vice-president; J. O. Rush, secretary and treasurer; A. H. Feagin, Historian; L. B. Rainey, prophet; T. H. McAdory, orator; Miss M. E. Robinson, poet.

No morphine or opium in Dr. Miles' PAIN PILLS. CURE ALL Pains. "One cent a dose."

## Don't Fail....

TO GO TO

THOMASON'S DRUG STORE

FOR—

TOILET ARTICLES of all kinds, PIPES, FINE SMOKING TOBACCOS, CIGARS and CIGARETTES.

PHONE 30.

SOUTH R. R. AVE., OPELIKA, ALA.

## LAZARUS & TOOMER,

DEALERS IN

Drugs Perfumery and Toilet Articles,

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY

AUBURN, ALA.

## WHEN IN NEED OF

PHOTOGRAPHS

—CALL ON—

W. R. ABBOTT, OF OPELIKA.

Branch Gallery opened each week at Auburn. College work a specialty.

## J. C. CONDON & SON,

I keep in stock a large and handsome line of gold and silver watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, spectacles, umbrellas, wedding and birthday presents. Fine watch repairing a specialty. All repairs guaranteed. Give us your repair work and have it done in first-class manner. H. L. Condon will be in Auburn every Friday. No. 7 East Chambers Street. OPELIKA, ALA.

R. W. BURTON, Bookseller and Stationer

(Established in Auburn, Jan. 23, 1878.)

Heartily thanks the A. P. I. boys for liberal patronage during the fall of 1898, and promises them in the future, as in the past, that they shall have fair treatment at his hands. Second-hand books for second and third terms very cheap. Watch his bulletins for bargains.



BRIEF LOCALS.

Try anti grip.

The Board of editors takes this opportunity of thanking the contributors to this issue.

Fine candies at Dr. Bragaw's.

Mr. Rainey would like to see all those subscribers who have not paid up. The meeting place, as well as the time, are both immaterial to him.

Tooth brushes, hair brushes and combs for sale at Dr. R. H. Bragaw's.

The band added a great deal to the battalion drill and inspection last Saturday morning.

Anti grip at Dr. R. H. Bragaw's.

Much has been added to the attractiveness of the library by a picture of Miss Mamie Harrison, presented by Dr. Petrie. Miss Harrison, who is the talented daughter of Gen. Geo. P. Harrison, has a large circle of friends in Auburn inside and out of college circles.

Take anti grip for colds.

Dr. R. H. Bragaw has just received a fresh line of fine candies. His entire stock is perfectly fresh as he sold out every pound in his store during Christmas.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at Dr. R. H. Bragaw's.

Heisman's Liniment is the best thing for bruises and sprains. For sale at R. H. Bragaws.

Try anti grip.

A fine line of cigars at Dr. R. H. Bragaws.

A full line of toilet articles at Dr. R. H. Bragaw's.

Coca cola at Dr. Bragaw's.

Charlie Bragaw has just gotten out a new lot of college stationery, his leaders being printed up for each class.

A full line of pipes and smoking tobacco at Dr. R. H. Bragaws.

Anti grip for colds.

W. E. Johnson has taken the place of J. B. Shivers in the clothing business, and is now agent for M. Born & Co., of Chicago. His rates on uniforms are exceptionally low, and the goods just as good. Give him a trial and you will be pleased.

Hot and cold soda at Dr. R. H. Bragaw's.

Miss Mary Drake was a guest at Mr. N. P. Renfro's reception in Opelika last week. We are sorry to hear that she is now sick with roseola.

Anti grip.

Thursday Club.

The Thursday Club met Jan. 12, at 3 p. m. at the residence of Mrs. Miller. After the roll-call, answered by questions, and the reading of the minutes, a letter was read from Mrs. Craighead, of Mobile, the President of the State Federation, requesting the Clubs hearty support of "Woman Work," the official organ. The prospectus for the second half of the year was read. A review of the seven principal artists of the Italian Renaissance was arranged for the first meeting in February, and fourteen members were assigned their portions of this review.

As a preface to the literary work,

Mrs. Ross read some comments on Venetian Art. Mrs. Cary then read a thoroughly enjoyable account of Paul Veronese and his work. No large pictures were shown, but several small engravings were circulated. Miss Washington read a very interesting sketch of Tintoretto and his works. Only two or three of his pictures could be obtained. After the discussion on Art, Mrs. B. A. Wills and Miss Lidle Lane were elected to membership. The Club then adjourned.

Conversation Club.

The N. T. Lupton Conversation Club held its regular meeting on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 17, at the home of Mrs. A. L. Dillard. The meeting was one of unusual interest, and was well attended. Especially enjoyable were Mrs. Frazer's humorous recitation on the new woman, and Mrs. Mell's vocal solo. After the usual five minutes intermission, the leader, Prof. G. W. Duncan, read a very interesting paper on the life and works of Mr. Israel Zangwill, enlivening his paper by some of the choicest of that writer's jokes and anecdotes. The discussion which followed had to do principally with the Hebrew's attainments in literature, a subject suggested by Prof. Duncan's paper. The membership committee announced the election of Misses Williams and Ethel Harwell as members of the club. The club then adjourned to meet again on Jan. 31, at the residence of Mrs. Reese.

Dr. C. H. Ross, the secretary, will lead on Mr. William Watson, instead of Francis Parkman, as announced in the programs.

Hints for Freshmen.

The following hints are taken from "The University Record": Do not attempt to fool with a Prof. because he happens to look meek. He may be hypocritical, lying low until time for exams.

The man who has the longest hair is not always the best football player; nor is he who ties himself up into the hardest knots the star pitcher, nor is he who sings loudest the prima donna of the college.

Just because a co-ed saves you from a flunk by judicious prompting, do not imagine she is in love with: she is merely demonstrating the superiority of the feminine intellect.

It is quite right, quite respectful to the coeds to whistle at them as they go up the middle walk of the campus? It may be entertaining to some who engage in it, but it is not courteous, or polite, or gentlemanly, nor does this practice lend dignity to the University.

Public Lecture.

Prof. Thach's public lecture in chapel last Friday night was preeminently a success. Never did such a large crowd attend one of our public lectures before. The speaker showed himself worthy of the compliment paid him; for there were none there who were not glad they had come. The subject was London, and it was treated in a most interesting manner. A beautiful selection of stereoptican views served to illustrate. It would be well for one contemplating a trip to London to take along a copy of this lecture is a guide.

College Football Captains.

The following men have been elected as captains of the principal college football teams for next year: Yale—Malcolm McBride. Harvard—W. A. M. Burden. University of Pennsylvania—T. T. Ware.

Cornell—Dr. A. Reed (resigned) Brown—H. S. Pratt. Lafayette—E. G. Bray. Wesleyan—R. W. Rymer. West Point—W. D. Smith. Dartmouth—J. Wentworth. Columbia—E. Starr. Williams—L. L. Draper. Amherst—W. D. Ballantine. Virginia—H. T. Summerrigill. State—J. Randolph. Washington and Jefferson—J. A. Matthews. Bucknell—H. B. Reimer. Chicago—W. S. Kennedy. Carlisle Indians—Martin Wheelock. Auburn—A. H. Feagin. E. of Ga.—A. C. Jones.

Glomerata.

We are glad to see that the editors of the Glomerata are diligently at work.

They hold their meetings on every Saturday night, and the Orange and Blue sincerely hopes that they may be successful in getting out a good annual for '99.

It is the duty of each student to subscribe to the Glomerata; for, without the aid of the students it would be impossible for the editors, no matter how diligent in their work, to get out a good annual. We learn that it is the intention of the editors to issue a larger, more profusely illustrated and more expensive volume than heretofore. We believe that the students will show their college spirit, and support the Glomerata.

Once more, success to the glomerata.

Websterian Society.

The meeting of the Websterian Society last Saturday night resulted in the election of officers and of speakers for the celebration to be held on the night of Feb. 22nd. The speakers elected are, C. L. Harold and E. Bukofzer. The officers are as follows; C. L. Harold, president; W. F. Osburne, vice-president; G. F. Boyd, secretary; J. W. Schuff, treasurer; J. D. King, critic and J. C. Phelps, sergeant at arms.

Hop Committee.

The following is the committee of arrangements for the commencement hop: J. W. Sutcliffe (leader), J. F. Dobbin, G. M. Wheeler, I. F. McDonnell, J. H. McGehee, J. R. Peabody, H. M. Fenn, B. O. Minge, L. B. Rainey, J. R. Glenn, A. C. Cameron, W. B. Kelley, P. H. Armstrong, B. L. McGehee, C. H. Merritt and D. Turner

We notice that Prof. Bondurant, formerly of Auburn, but a member of the University of Mississippi's faculty, is writing for the University Record an interesting series of articles entitled "Five Years of Football at the University Mississippi."

Monday Mr. Burton celebrated the 21st birthday of his business. This is the invitation which we received to his birthday party: "By the favor and friendship of you to whom this greeting is sent, the Auburn Bookstore has been enabled

to celebrate its twenty-first birthday.

We beg leave thus to signify our appreciation and to make grateful acknowledgement.

Cordially yours,  
R. W. BURTON.

THE GIRL I MET TODAY.

When fancy pictures to mine eyes,  
The girl I met today.  
I wish that I could now be nigh  
And not so far away.  
Her teeth are white as India's pearls,  
Her eyes are bright as fire,  
Her hair hangs down in pretty curls  
And all this I admire.  
But still more do I will to see,  
Those pretty lips drawn tight,  
Those dimples dance in merry glee,  
Those cheeks so red and bright.  
But better than all this array,  
If I could win her love;  
If she would fly to me this day  
And be my little dove.

"Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier, the kind things you meant to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my body I would much rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them; that I may be refreshed and cheered while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy than life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn

to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way."

Senior Class Elections.

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LOOKED HIM UP.

His ardent suit was strongly spurned;  
He swore that she was fickle,  
But she was not, she had just learned  
He wasn't worth a nickle.

We notice in the last issue of the Tar Heel, that Carolina has severed all Athletic relations with Virginia, alleging as the cause Virginia's conduct in regard to the last game between them.

The same sheet informs us that Georgia has been trying to secure her next Thanksgiving game with North Carolina. At the last meeting of their athletic association the question of entering our association was discussed.

What is mind?—No matter.  
What is matter?—Never mind.  
What is thought?—It is immaterial.—Ex.

The January number of the Mercerian has made its appearance on our table. We welcome it gladly and take pleasure in stating that it is among the best we have received.

Student in Geology Class—"Wake up Mc.; he told a big joke while you were asleep."

WINNERS—

AUBURN FOOTBALL TEAM.

Fowler Shirts, Manss' Fine Shoes, Pointer Brand Hats and everything else sold are endorsed by  
LYONS & TORBERT, of Opelika, Ala.

REDUCTION

—IN—

CLOTHING AND SHOES!

\$4.00 Shoes for \$3.50.

—AT—

FLANAGAN'S.

Union Depot Restaurant,

Mrs. Williams, Proprietress.

ALLEN & BUTLER,  
RETAIL WHISKEY DEALERS,  
OPELIKA, ALA.

We always keep stock of fine Whiskies—Murray Hill Club, I. W. Harper—Wines, Brandy, Etc. When needing any of this kind call on us or write. Orders will have prompt and careful attention.